

T H E
Two SPRINGS,
A
F A B L E.

Occasion'd by
His MAJESTY's late Royal Bounty
T O T H E
UNIVERSITIES,

And Inscrib'd to the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
T H E
Earl of *HALIFAX*.

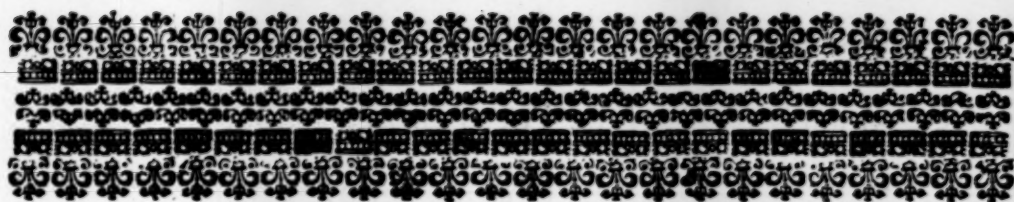
By *WILLIAM SOMERVILLE*, Esq;

----- *Errat longè, meâ quidem sententiâ,
Qui Imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius
Vt quod fit, quàm illud quod Amicitia adjungitur.*

L O N D O N :

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THE
F. O. SPRING



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of *HALIFAX*.



HALIFAX! a Name for ever dear
To *Phæbus*, and which all the Nine revere ;
Accept this humble Pledge of my Esteem
So justly Thine, *Benevolence* my Theme.

In Mystick Tales, and Parables, of old
Grave *Eastern* Seers instructive Lessons told.
Wise *Greece* from them receiv'd the happy Plan,
And taught the Brute to pedagogue the Man.
The Matron Truth appears with better Grace,
When well-wrought Fables veil her rev'rend Face.
Dry Precept may instruct, but can't delight,
While pleasing Fictions all our Pow'rs excite.
Our busy Minds each Faculty employ,
And range around, and start their Game with joy ;

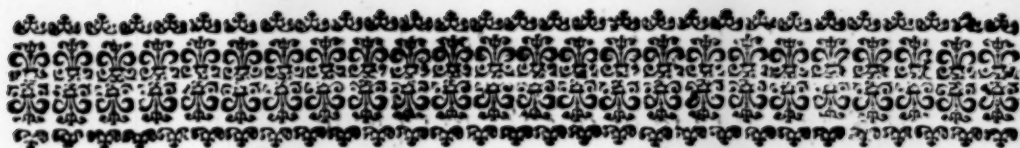
Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the Chace, make the rich Prey their own,
And glory in the Conquests they have won.
Fable alone can crown the Poet's Brow,
Upon his Works immortal Charms bestow ;
And 'twere a Sin that Method to disprove,
Which * Heav'n has fix'd by Sanctions from above. * The Parables in
Sacred Writ.
My humble Muse in calm Retirement roves
Near mossy Fountains, and near shady Groves ;
Yet even there, her loyal Hands wou'd raise
Some rural Trophy to her Monarch's Praise ;
Instruct those Fountains, and those Groves to show,
What copious Blessings from his Bounty flow ;
While Flow'rs, and Shrubs, bless his propitious Aid,
His Urn refreshing, or protecting Shade.
Great Friend of Human kind ! thy pious Hand
Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.
Let haughty Tyrants of false Glory dream,
Without Remorse pursue the bloody Scheme ;
To Fame forbidden tread the lawless Way,
And o'er the ravag'd World extend their Sway ;
'Tis thine (Great GEORGE) to guard thy fav'rite Isle
From open Force, and ev'ry secret Wile,
To raise th' Oppress'd, to make the Captives * smile ;
To pay just Heav'n what righteous Monarchs owe, * The Slaves
redeem'd by
the King.
And like that Heav'n, to bless the World below :

To

To build new Temples, to repair the Old,
 To bring the straggling Sheep into the Fold,
 And by wise Laws restore an Age of Gold.
 Ye blisful Seats * where *Tame* and *Isis* join,
 Lovely Retirement of the Sacred Nine,
 Parent of Arts, and once my sweet Abode,
 Can ye forget the Blessings he bestow'd ?
 Can Sophistry prevail against that Prince,
 Whose Mercy, and Beneficence, convince ?
 Oh ! touch each tuneful String, let ev'ry Muse
 From all her Stores her noblest *Pæans* chuse ;
 Pay what she can in Tributary Lays,
 And to his Virtue grant Supplies of Praise.
 To all the World your grateful Hearts make known,
 And in your Monarch's Fame record your own.
 His Fame ----- which Envy's Breath can never blast,
 But Ages yet to come shall join the past,
 And *Brunswick's* Glory with the World shall last.

* In the Neighbourhood of *Oxford*.



The Two SPRINGS.

I.



W O Sister Springs, from the same Parent Hill,
Born on the same Propitious Day,
Through the cleft Rock distill.

Adown the rev'rend Mountain's side,
Through Groves of Mirtle glide,
Or thro' the Violet Beds obliquely stray.
The Lawrel each proud Victor's Crown,
From them receives her high Renown,
From them the curling Vine,
Her clusters big with racy Wine;
To them her Oyl the peaceful Olive owes,
And her Vermillion Blush the Rose.
The gracious Streams in smooth *Meanders* flow,
To ev'ry thirsty Root dispense
Their kindly cooling Influence,
And Paradise adorns the Mountain's Brow.

II.

But oh! the sad Effect of Pride!
These happy Twins at last divide.
" Sister (exclaims th' Ambitious Spring)
" What Profit do these Labours bring?

" Alway

- " Always to give, and never to enjoy,
 " A fruitless and a mean Employ :
 " Stay here inglorious if you please,
 " And loiter out a Life of Indolence and Ease.
 " Go, humble Drudge, each Thistle rear,
 " And nurse each Shrub your daily Care ;
 " While pouring down from this my lofty Source,
 " I deluge all the Plain ;
 " No Damms shall stop my Course,
 " And Rocks oppose in vain.
 " See where my foaming Billows flow,
 " Above the Hills my Waves aspire,
 " The Shepherds and their Flocks retire,
 " And tallest Cedars as they pass in sign of homage bow.
 " To me each tributary Spring
 " Its supplemental Stores shall bring ;
 " With me the Rivers shall unite,
 " The Lakes beneath my Banners fight ;
 " 'Till the proud *Danube* and the *Rhine*
 " Shall own their Fame eclips'd by mine.
 " Both Gods and Men shall dread my watry sway,
 " Nor---these in Cities safe, nor in their Temples they.

III.

Away the haughty Boaster flew,
 Scarce bid her Sister Spring a cool Adieu ;
 Her Waves grow turbulent and bold,
 Not gently murm'ring as of old,

But

But roughly dash against the Shore,
 And tofs their spumy Heads, and proudly roar.
 The careful Farmers, with Surprise,
 See the tumultuous Torrent rise ;
 With busy Looks the rustick Bands appear,
 To guard their growing Hopes, the Promise of the Year.
 All Hands unite, with Damms they bound
 The rash rebellious Stream around ;
 In vain she foams, in vain she raves,
 In vain she curls her feeble Waves ;
 Besieg'd at last on ev'ry side ;
 Her Source exhausted, and her Channel dry'd ;
 (Such is the Fate of Impotence and Pride)

A shallow Pond she stands confin'd,
 The Refuge of the croaking kind.
 Rushes and Sags, an inbred Foe,
 Choak up the muddy Pool below ;
 The Tyrant Sun on high
 Exacts his usual Subsidy,
 And the poor Pittance that remains,
 Each gaping Cranny drains.
 Too late the Fool repents her haughty Boast,
 A Nameless nothing in Oblivion lost.

IV.

Her Sister Spring, benevolent and kind,
 With Joy sees all around her blest ;
 The Good she does, into her gen'rous Mind,

Returns again with Interest.

The Farmer oft invokes her Aid,

When *Sirius* nips the tender Blade,

Her Streams a sure Elixir bring,

Gay Plenty decks the Fields, and a perpetual Spring.

Where'er the Gard'ner smooths her easy way,

Her ductile Streams obey.

Courteous she visits ev'ry Bed,

Narcissus rears his drooping Head

By her diffusive Bounty fed.

Reviv'd from her indulgent Urn,

Sad *Hyacinth* forgets to mourn.

Rich in the Blessings she bestows,

All Nature smiles where'er she flows.

Enamour'd with a Nymph so fair,

See where the River Gods appear.

A Nymph so eminently good,

The Joy of all the Neighbourhood,

They clasp her in their liquid Arms,

And riot in th' abundance of her Charms.

Like old *Alpheus* fond, their wanton Streams they join'd,

Like *Arethusa* she, as lovely, and as kind.

V.

Now swell'd into a mighty Flood,

Her Channel deep and wide,

Still she persists in doing good,

Her

Her Bounty flow's with ev'ry Tide.
 A thousand Riv'lets in her Train,
 With fertile Waves enrich the Plain.
 The scaly Herd, a num'rous Throng,
 Beneath her silver Billows glide along ;
 Whose still increasing Shoals supply
 The poor Man's Wants, the great One's Luxury.
 Here all the feather'd Troops Retreat,
 Securely ply their oary Feet,
 Upon her floating Herbage graze,
 And with their tuneful Notes resound her Praise.
 Here Flocks and Herds in safety feed,
 And fatten in each flow'ry Mead.
 No Beasts of Prey appear
 The watchful Shepherd to beguile,
 No Monsters of the Deep inhabit here,
 Nor the voracious Shark, nor wily Crocodile.
 But *Delia* and her Nymphs chaste *Silvan* Queen
 By Mortals prying Eyes unseen,
 Bath in her Flood, and Sport upon her Borders green.
 Here Merchants careful of their Store,
 By angry Billows tost,
 Anchor secure beneath her Shore,
 And bless the friendly Coast.
 Soon mighty Fleets in all their Pride,
 Triumphant on her Surface ride ;
 The busy Trader on her Banks appears,
 An hundred different Tongues she hears.
 At last with Wonder and Surprise,
 She sees a stately City rise.

With

With Joy the happy Flood admires,
 The lofty Domes the pointed Spires ;
 The *Portico's* magnificently great,
 Where all the crowding Nations meet.
 The Bridges that adorn her Brow,
 From Bank to Bank their ample Arches stride,
 Thro' which her curling Waves in Triumph glide,
 And in melodious Murmurs flow.
 Now grown a Port of high Renown,
 The Treasure of the World her own ;
 Both *Indies* with their precious Stores,
 Pay yearly Tribute to her Shores.
 Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled Stream,
 Nor Father *Thames* himself of more Esteem.

M O R A L.

The Pow'r of Kings (if rightly understood)
 Is but a Grant from Heav'n of doing Good.
 Proud Tyrants who maliciously destroy,
 And ride o'er Ruins with malignant Joy ;
 Humbled in Dust, soon to their Cost shall know
 Heav'n our Avenger, and Mankind their Foe,
 While gracious Monarchs reap the Good they sow.
 Blessing, are blest'd ; far spreads their just Renown,
 Consenting Nations their Dominion own,
 And joyful happy Crowds support their Throne.
 In vain the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell combine,
 Each Guardian Angel shall protect that Line,
 Who by their Virtues prove their Right Divine.

F I N I S.